

Haunted Mansion

Stories
Inspired by
the Classic

Disney
Attraction



DIRGE



SIG

#2

\$2.95

Welcome, Foolish Mortals...

The Groundskeeper's Secret

Why would anyone choose to take care of a graveyard full of ghastly ghosts? The Haunted Mansion's groundskeeper has a very good reason.

Written and Illustrated by Christopher

Kenore Meets the Haunted Mansion

America's Favorite Little Dead Girl visits America's Favorite Haunted House and brings her own kind of terror to the mansion's inhabitants.

Written and Illustrated by Roman Dirge

The Woman in Black

Out in the Louisiana bayou, a woman dressed all in black wanders, looking for lost children. When Victor loses his way in the swamps, he knows that she will come looking for him...

Written by Serena Valentino

Illustrated by FSc

The Big Nap

How did Gus, that Lovable Cuss, get to be one of the three Hitchhiking Ghosts in the Haunted Mansion? From herding sheep to dodging pirates, it's a rollicking tale!

Written by Jon "Bean" Hastings

Illustrated by Jon Morris

The Mystery of the Manse

Part Two

Captain Blood tells his tale in part two of the truth behind William Gracey and the mansion's creepy history.

Written by Dan Vado

Illustrated by David Hedgecock

HAUNTED MANSION

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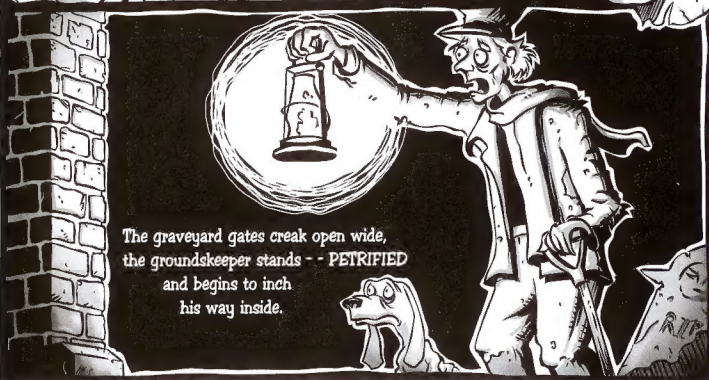
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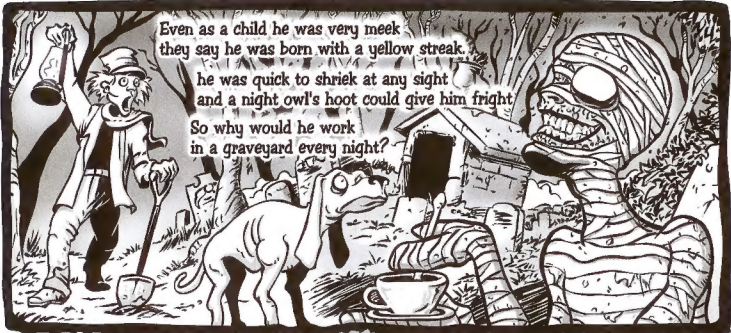
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The Groundskeeper's Secret

By Christopher

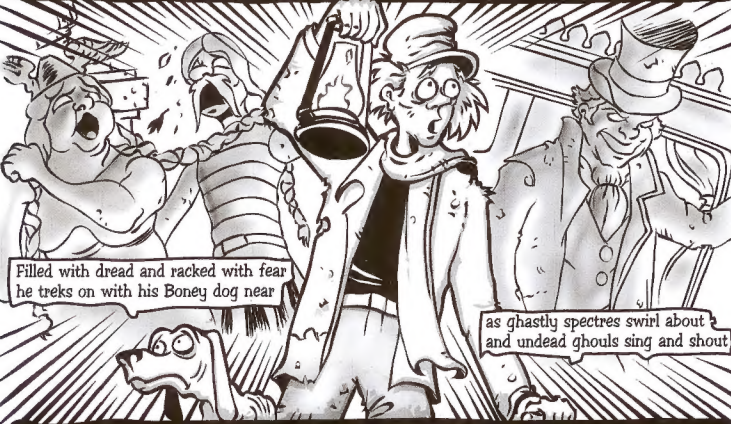




Even as a child he was very meek
they say he was born with a yellow streak.

he was quick to shriek at any sight
and a night owl's hoot could give him fright

So why would he work
in a graveyard every night?



Filled with dread and racked with fear
he treks on with his Boney dog near

as ghastly spectres swirl about
and undead ghouls sing and shout



the shivering pair continue on their route.

Despite the overwhelming dread
he's done his job and never fled.



And even when he has the shakes...

there's one stop he always makes



to sit and take his
nightly dinner breaks.



He earns much less than other chaps
living on his meager scraps

but he finds that quite all right

when he dines on his wife's gravesite

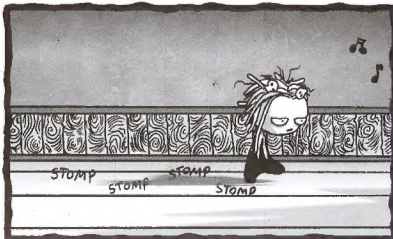
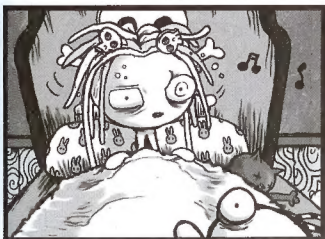
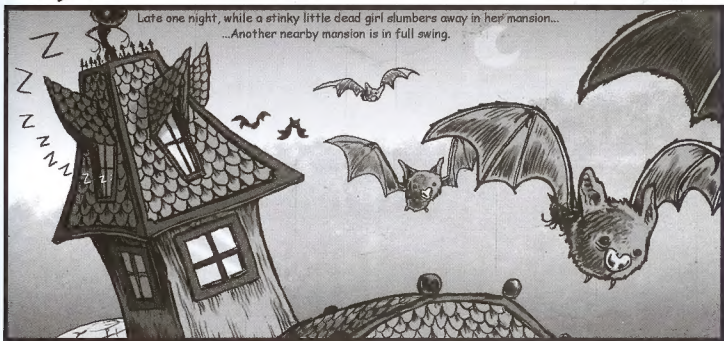
And that's why he works
in the graveyard every

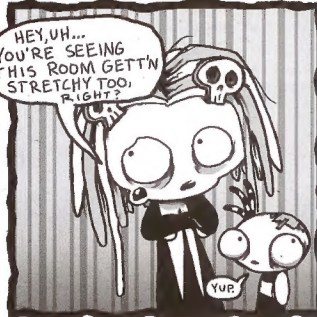
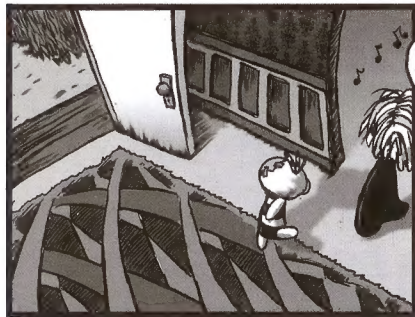
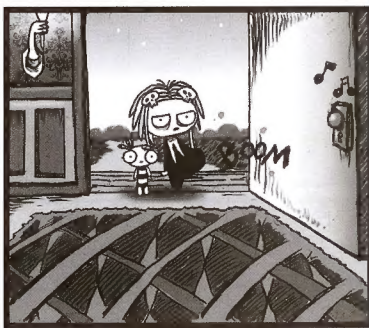
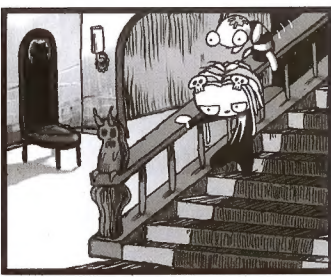
N-I-I-I-I-I-G-H-T!!!

END

LENORE
The MEETS
Haunted Mansion
by Roman Dirge

Late one night, while a stinky little dead girl slumbers away in her mansion...
...Another nearby mansion is in full swing.





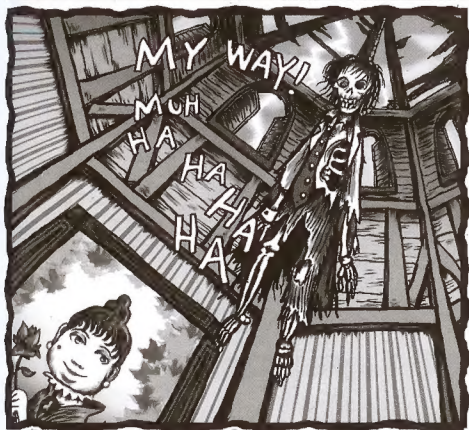
YOUR CADAVEROUS PALLOR
BETRAYS AN AURA OF
FOREBODING...

ARGHH!

THIS CHAMBER HAS NO
WINDOWS AND NO DOORS...

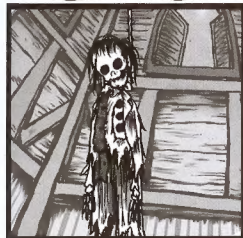
WHO'S
SAYING
THAT
STUFF?

WHICH OFFERS YOU THIS
CHILLING CHALLENGE. TO
FIND A WAY OUT.
OF COURSE, THERE'S ALWAYS...



ACTUALLY, I'M JUST GONNA
WALK OUT THAT BIG OPEN
DOOR RIGHT
THERE.

THAT'S RIGHT, YOU ARE
FOREVER
DOOMED
TO...



THERE'S
A
DOOR?

YUP, IT'S
RIGHT
THERE.



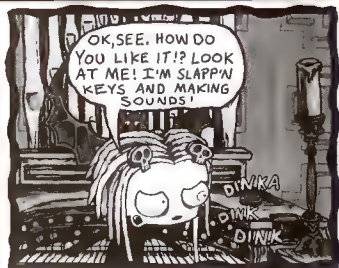
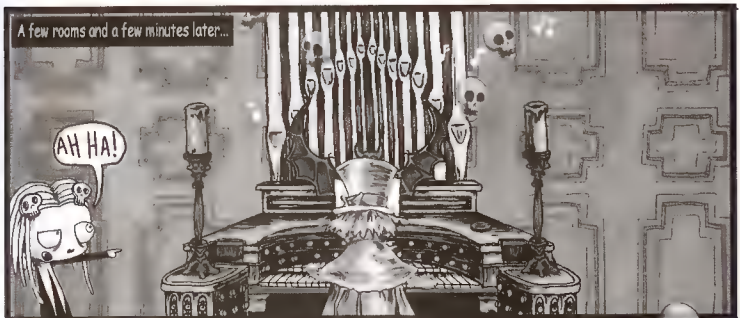
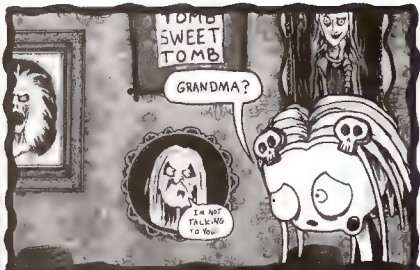
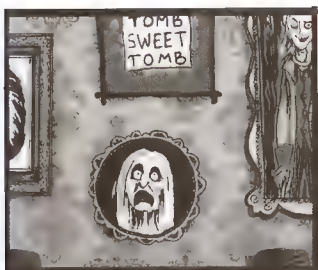
SAY, YOU DON'T HAPPEN
TO HAVE SCISSORS OR
MAYBE A LADDER ON
YOU, DO YOU?

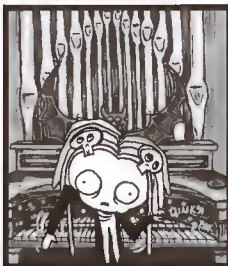
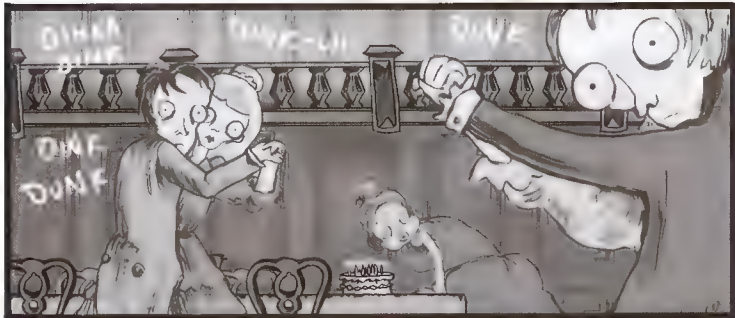
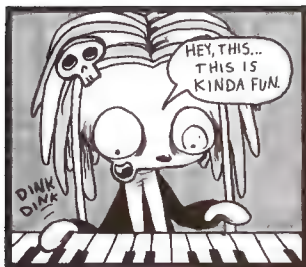
UH,
NO.

OK,
WHAT ABOUT...

NOPE, BYEEEEEE...

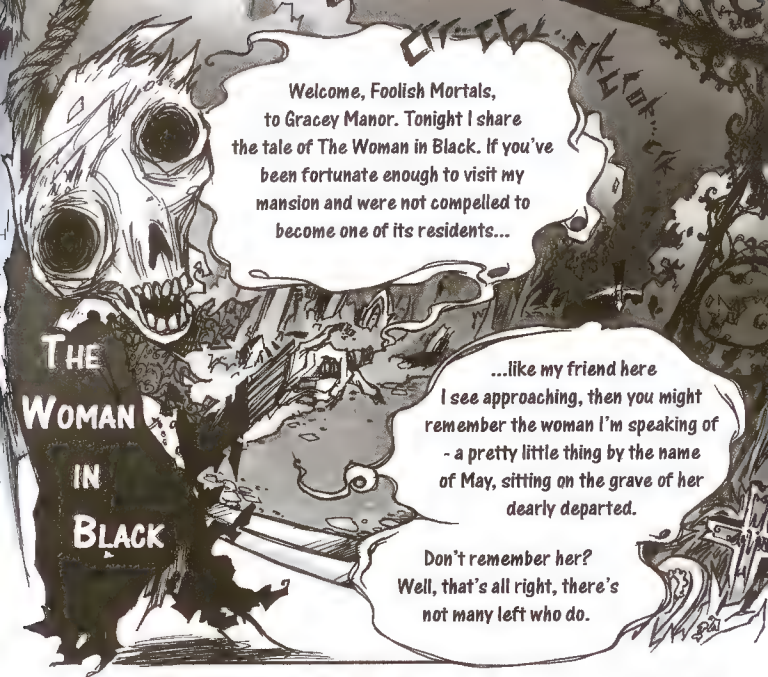






999
HOURS
LATER






Welcome, Foolish Mortals,
to Gracey Manor. Tonight I share
the tale of The Woman in Black. If you've
been fortunate enough to visit my
mansion and were not compelled to
become one of its residents...

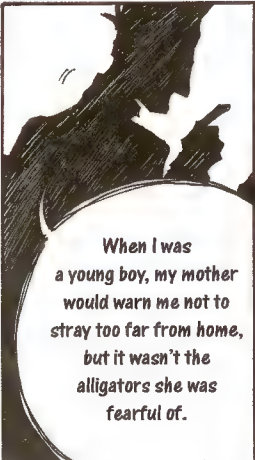
THE WOMAN IN BLACK

...like my friend here
I see approaching, then you might
remember the woman I'm speaking of
- a pretty little thing by the name
of May, sitting on the grave of her
dearly departed.

Don't remember her?
Well, that's all right, there's
not many left who do.



But my friend
here does,
and I will let
him tell you
her story...



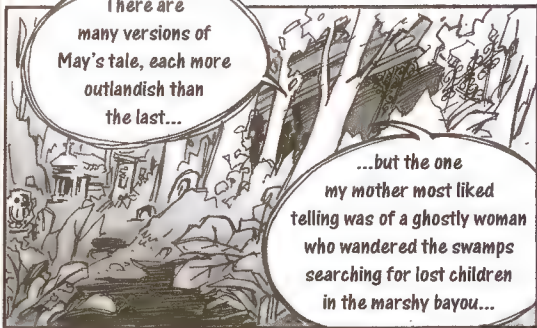
When I was
a young boy, my mother
would warn me not to
stray too far from home,
but it wasn't the
alligators she was
fearful of.



She was terrified of
the Woman in Black.

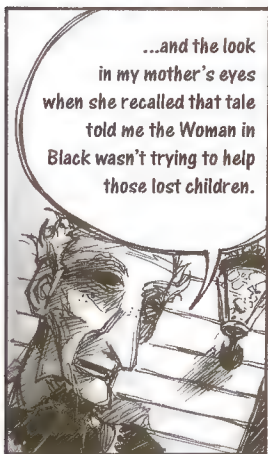


There are
many versions of
May's tale, each more
outlandish than
the last...



...but the one
my mother most liked
telling was of a ghostly woman
who wandered the swamps
searching for lost children
in the marshy bayou...

...and the look
in my mother's eyes
when she recalled that tale
told me the Woman in
Black wasn't trying to help
those lost children.



My mother
never did say
what she wanted
with those kids...

...but
my imagination
came up with
a thing or two,
let me tell you.



I remember
that evening
vividly.



I was out late
hunting for snakes,
and before I knew it
the sun had completely
gone down...

...and I had lost
my way in the deep
soggy marshlands.

Now I knew
every inch of those lands,
but this night something strange
happened, and I couldn't make
heads or tails of the path
that would lead me
back home again.

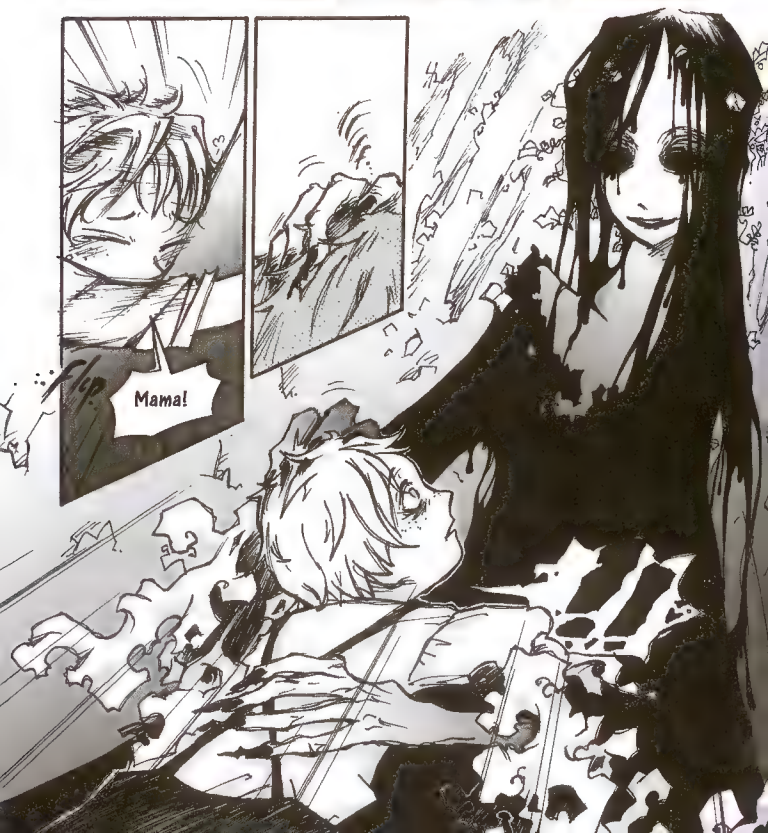
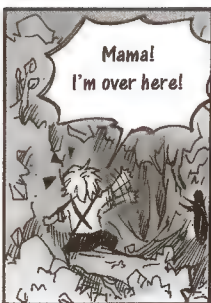
I was hopelessly
lost.

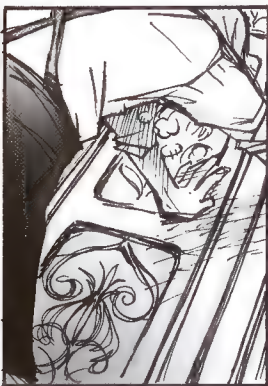
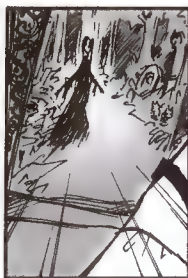
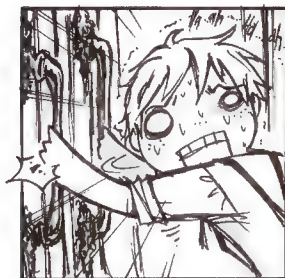
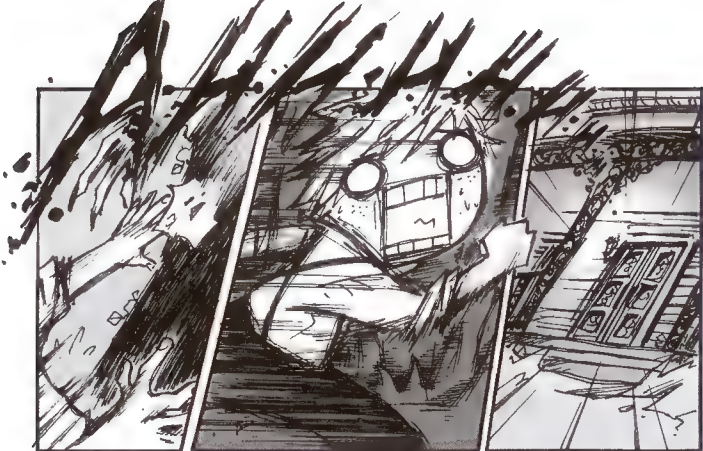
I think I walked
around in circles for
hours until I finally
gave up and climbed a
nearby tree.

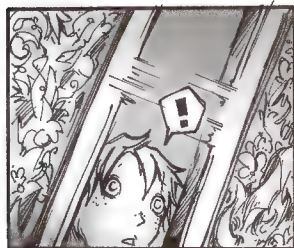
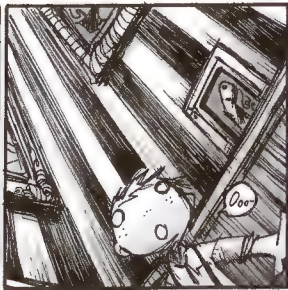
I must have
fallen asleep
up there...

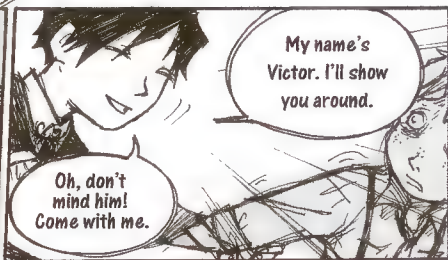
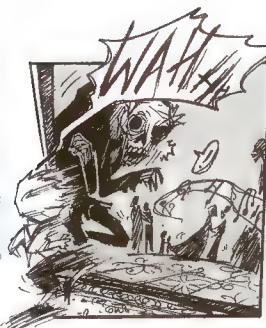
...because
what happened next
seemed more like
a nightmare than
anything else.











My name's Victor. I'll show you around.

Oh, don't mind him!
Come with me.



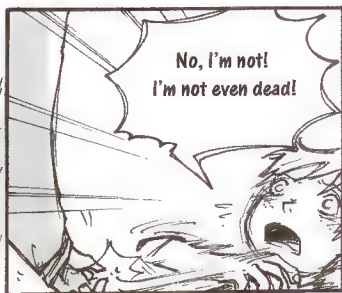
I don't think so...
I need to get back home.

You can't go back home!
You'll frighten them.

What are you talking about?



You're a ghost.



No, I'm not!
I'm not even dead!



That's what I thought at first, too.

But I'm not dead!

You need to talk to Madame Leota!



Who's Madame Leota?



She's pretty crazy. I don't think she realizes she's dead. But don't let on you know.

....



Why am I plagued
with continuous
interruptions?

Hummm, let
me see...

It seems I have
two visitors this evening,
but I only see one.

It's impolite
to lurk in doorways, boy.
Show yourself!




Don't worry.
She's really
nice.

Thank you,
Victor dear.

And what
can I do for you,
young man?

Ummm, I was
hoping there was
someone here that
could help me
find my way home.



The only way home
is taking the paths
that lead you here.

But there's
a horrible woman
out there who
almost killed me!

Why does
he get to go home
but I can't?

You
belong here.
He doesn't.

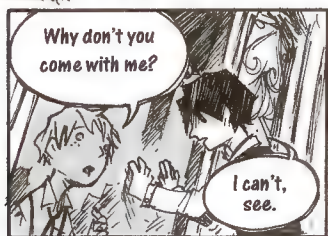
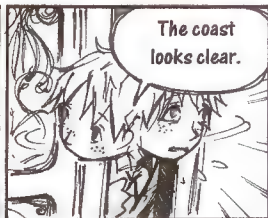
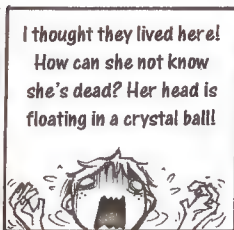
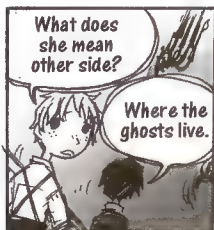
You have to
face your fears -
and leave here
at once!

You don't
belong here.

Show him
the way down
and come back up
and see me after
he departs.

But we're not allowed
to go down there!
It's forbidden!

Foolishness! It's not forbidden,
it's just senseless. Now go!
There are messages awaiting me
from the other side!





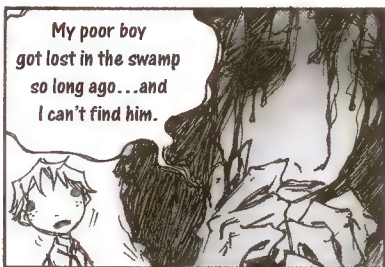
Face your
fears.



You're not my
Victor, are you?



No.



My poor boy
got lost in the swamp
so long ago...and
I can't find him.



You're just
looking for your
lost son?

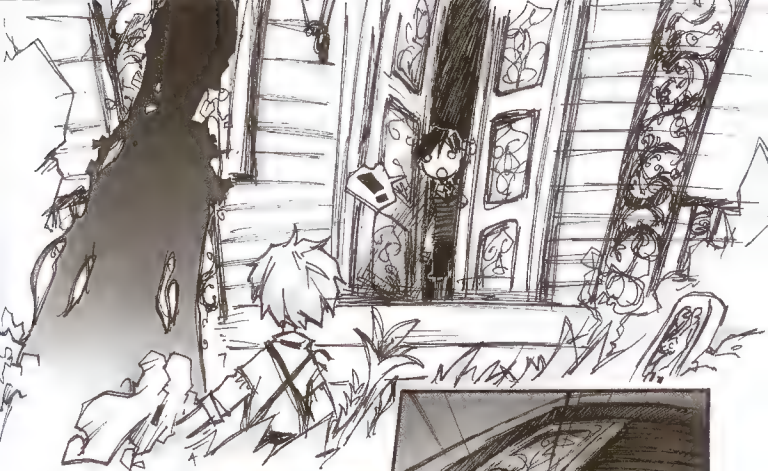
No one will
help me. They
always run away.

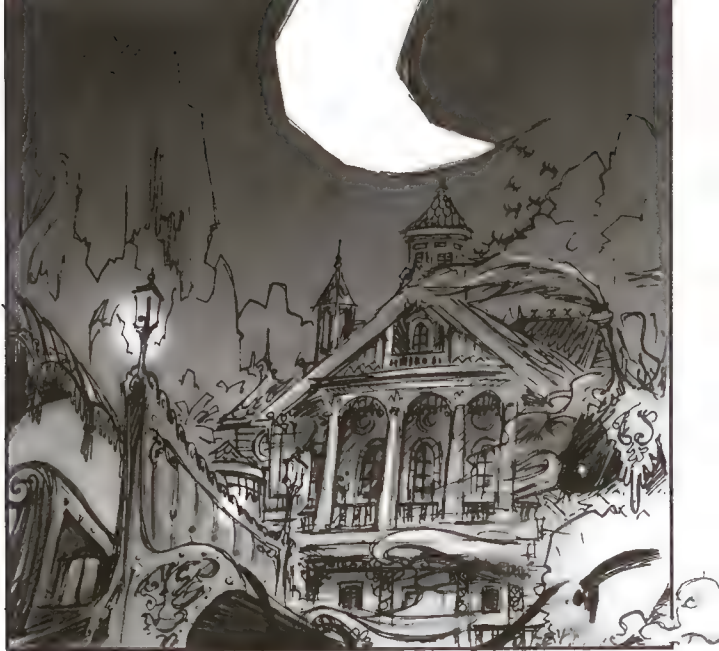


I'll help you. I
think I know where
your son is...



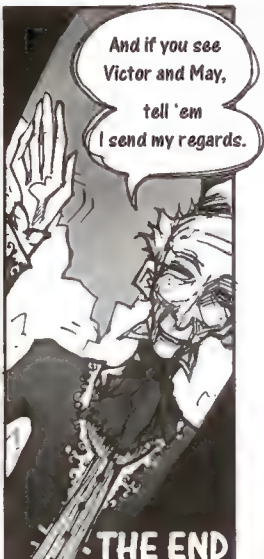
Come on...
I'll show you
the way.





Thanks for
the lift!

My pleasure.



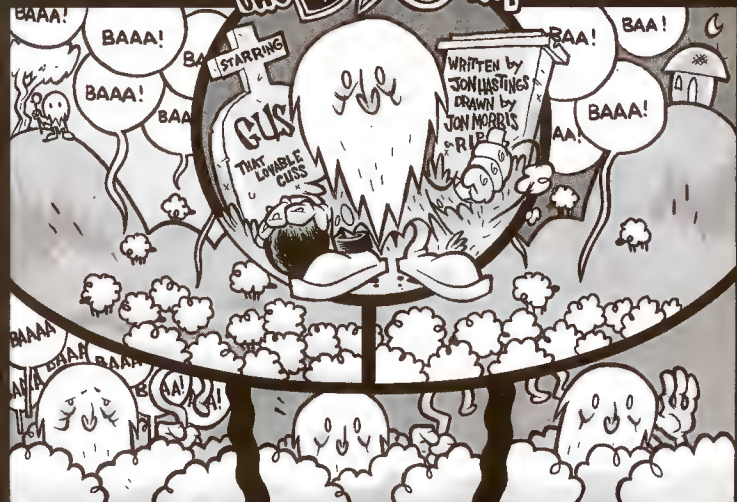
And if you see
Victor and May,
tell 'em
I send my regards.

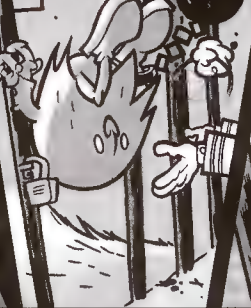
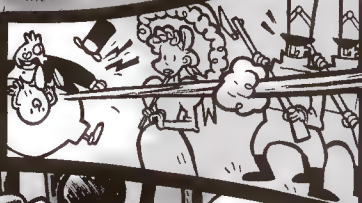
Story: Serena Valentino

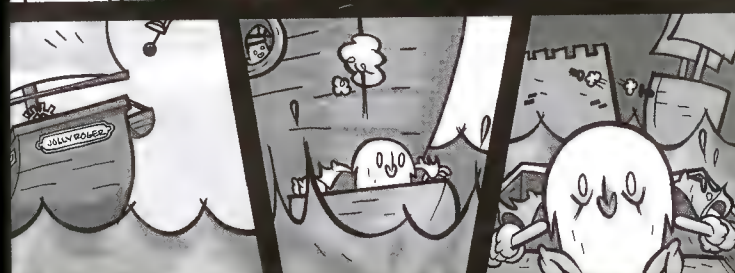
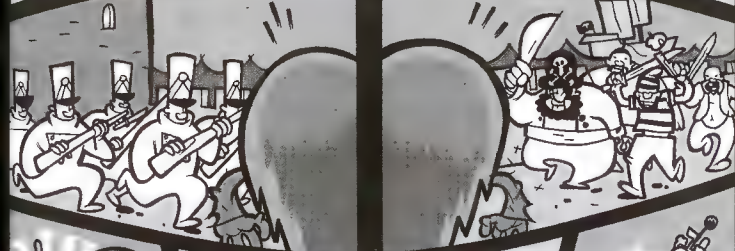
Art: FSc

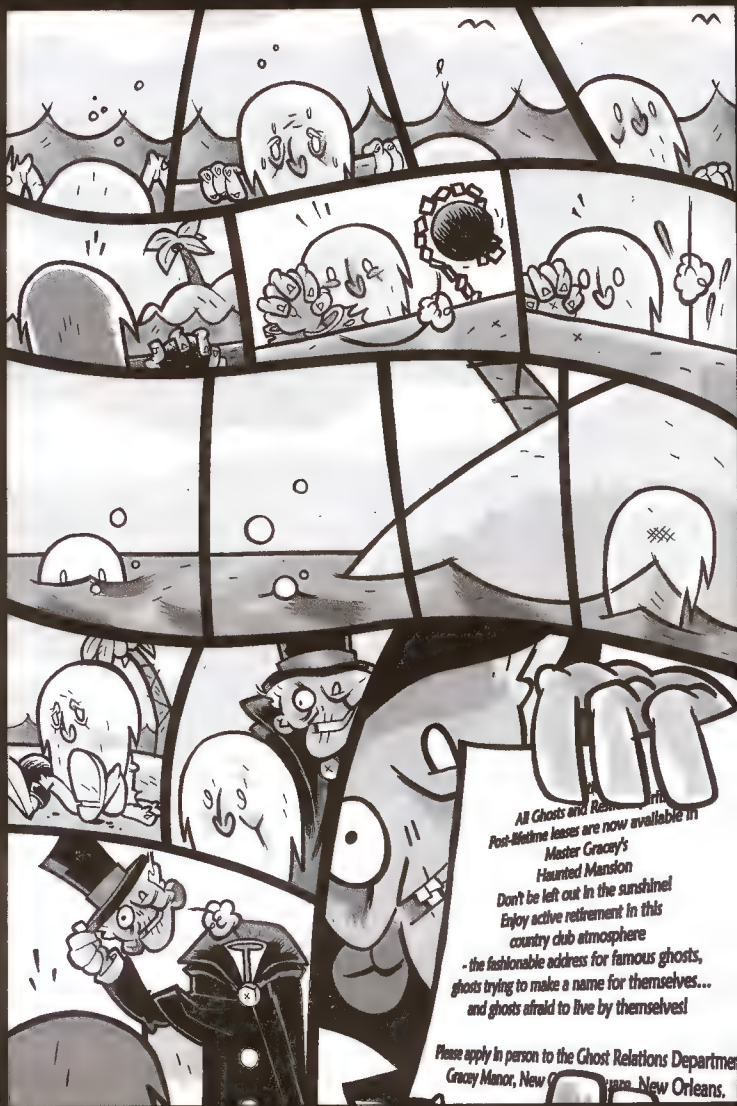
Lettering: Joshua Archer

THE END





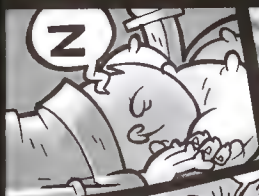




All Ghosts and Restroom Mirrors
Post-Midnight leases are now available in
Master Gracey's
Haunted Mansion

Don't be left out in the sunshine!
Enjoy active retirement in this
country club atmosphere
- the fashionable address for famous ghosts,
ghosts trying to make a name for themselves...
and ghosts afraid to live by themselves!

Please apply in person to the Ghost Relations Department
Gracey Manor, New Orleans.



Mystery of the Maase

Part Two

MY, MY, MY, YOUR CADAVEROUS
PALLOR BETRAYS AN AURA OF FOREBODING.
DID MY MURDEROUS BEGINNING TAKE YOU
BY SURPRISE?

OR IS IT THE KNOWLEDGE
THAT I, YOUR GHOST HOST,
WAS ONCE THE INFAMOUS
CAPTAIN BLOOD?


CAN IT BE THAT
HARD TO BELIEVE
THAT I MIGHT FIND
MYSELF UP TO MY
NECK IN TROUBLE?

AFTER THAT DAY I MURDERED MY
CAPTAIN IN THE STORM, TROUBLE WAS JUST
SOMETHING THAT FOUND ME.

FROM THAT DAY
ON IT WAS ALL
YO HO, YO HO...


...A PIRATE'S LIFE, FOR ME.

Vado—writes,
Hedgecock—pencils
Evans—tones



IT WAS MY CREW THAT GAVE ME THE NAME CAPTAIN BLOOD. I SUPPOSE CUTTING OFF THE OLD CAPTAIN'S HEAD BOUGHT ME A CERTAIN REPUTATION FOR RUTHLESSNESS.

THAT REPUTATION HELPED KEEP THE CREW IN LINE, SO I WENT WITH IT.




FOLLOWING IN MY OLD CAPTAIN'S FOOTSTEPS, I FELL INTO GUN RUNNING AND SMUGGLING. AT FIRST, MORE BUSINESSMAN THAN PIRATE. I MOSTLY BARTERED RIFLES AND GUNS FOR GOLD OR RUM.

I WAS GOOD, OFTEN PLAYING BOTH ENDS AGAINST THE MIDDLE AND ALWAYS GETTING THE BEST OF THE DEAL WHATEVER IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.




YES, I WAS GOOD. TOO GOOD IT WOULD SEEM BECAUSE SOON TRADERS STOPPED TRADING WITH ME.


THE WAY THINGS WERE HEADED, I WOULD SOON LOSE MY SHIP AND CREW. SO, WHEN PEOPLE REFUSED TO TRADE WITH ME...




... I WOULD JUST TAKE WHAT I NEEDED.




I SOON DISCOVERED THAT THERE WAS MORE TO BE HAD FROM PIRACY THAN THERE WAS IN TRADING. AND THE MORE BOLD AND RUTHLESS I BECAME...



...THE RICHER MY CREW AND I GOT.



IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR ME TO MAKE ENEMIES AND THE PRICE ON MY HEAD GREW WITH EVERY RAID AND NAVAL BATTLE.




HAD I BEEN BORN A DECADE
OR MORE EARLIER I WOULD
MORE THAN LIKELY HAVE BEEN
A PRIVATEER, COMMITTING ACTS
OF PIRACY ON BEHALF OF THE
FRENCH OR THE BRITISH OR
THE SPANISH.

BUT SADLY FOR ME, THE AGE OF
PIRATES WAS COMING TO A CLOSE.

GOD HAD ALREADY PASSED JUDGEMENT ON THE
PIRATES AND BUCCANEERS OF PORT ROYAL IN
JAMAICA. FIRST AN EARTHQUAKE DESTROYED MOST
OF THE BUILDINGS. SOON A HELLISH CURRENT
OF WATER BROUGHT DEATH FROM THE SEA.

WHAT WASN'T SHAKEN TO THE GROUND
OR SWEEPED TO SEA WAS BURNED TO
CINDERS A FEW YEARS LATER.

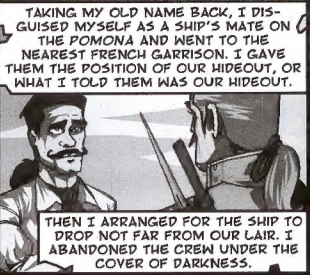
THE GOLDEN AGE OF PIRATES
DIED WITH PORT ROYAL.



IT HAD BECOME OBVIOUS TO ME THAT CAPTAIN BLOOD WASN'T JUST A WANTED MAN. HE WAS AN ANACHRONISM SOME FIFTY YEARS OUT OF HIS TIME.


THE HANDWRITING WAS ON THE WALL. THE FRENCH WERE CLOSING IN ON ME, SO I DID THE ONLY THING I COULD DO. I CONCOCTED A PLAN TO SAVE MY OWN SKIN.

THE FRENCH SURPRISED THE CREW WITH A PRE-DAWN RAID. THEY BURNED THE SHIP AND TOOK NO PRISONERS, HOPING TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF THE POMONA.

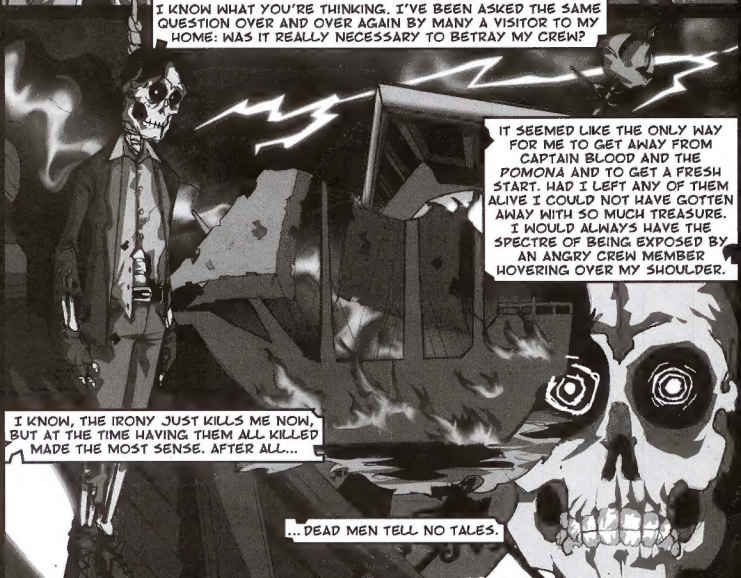


TAKING MY OLD NAME BACK, I DISGUISED MYSELF AS A SHIP'S MATE ON THE POMONA AND WENT TO THE NEAREST FRENCH GARRISON. I GAVE THEM THE POSITION OF OUR HIDEOUT, OR WHAT I TOLD THEM WAS OUR HIDEOUT.

THEN I ARRANGED FOR THE SHIP TO DROP NOT FAR FROM OUR LAIR. I ABANDONED THE CREW UNDER THE COVER OF DARKNESS.



IN EXCHANGE FOR THIS INFORMATION I WAS GIVEN SAFE PASSAGE TO A PLACE CALLED NEW ORLEANS SOMEWHERE IN THE NEW WORLD AND THE OPPORTUNITY TO TAKE AS MUCH OF OUR CREW'S TREASURE AS I COULD GATHER BEFORE THE FRENCH FOUND IT.



I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. I'VE BEEN ASKED THE SAME QUESTION OVER AND OVER AGAIN BY MANY A VISITOR TO MY HOME: WAS IT REALLY NECESSARY TO BETRAY MY CREW?

IT SEEMED LIKE THE ONLY WAY FOR ME TO GET AWAY FROM CAPTAIN BLOOD AND THE POMONA AND TO GET A FRESH START. HAD I LEFT ANY OF THEM ALIVE I COULD NOT HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH SO MUCH TREASURE. I WOULD ALWAYS HAVE THE SPECTRE OF BEING EXPOSED BY AN ANGRY CREW MEMBER HOVERING OVER MY SHOULDER.

I KNOW, THE IRONY JUST KILLS ME NOW, BUT AT THE TIME HAVING THEM ALL KILLED MADE THE MOST SENSE. AFTER ALL...

... DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES.

to be continued...

Goul-ish Contributors



Christopher is the creator of the SLG comic book *The Ghouly Boys*, which, like "The Groundskeeper's Secret," is spooky and sweet, dark and delightful. That's why we pretend to believe him when he says that he sleeps in a cemetery for "research" purposes.

Roman is the creator of the hit SLG comic *Lenore* as well as various other SLG comics, including *Something at the Window Is Scratching* and *The Monsters in My Tummy*. Roman has ridden the Haunted Mansion so often he now has his mail forwarded there.



Serena Valentino and FSc are co-creators of the popular SLG series *Nightmares and Fairy Tales*. If the metaphorical creative space they share were a real place, it would be a moss-covered New Orleans mansion, much like Gracey Manor, filled with kitties and boxes full of beasties.



The scary two-headed Jon monster haunts the dreams of good children with stories about other monsters. The Hastings head whispers the story of *Terrabella Smoot and the Unsung Monsters*, while the Morris head tells them the tale of *Jeremy*, the world's favorite Frankenstein boy.



Dan, President and Publisher of SLG, and David, illustrator of AmazeInk's *15 Minutes*, sail the comic book seas with swashbuckling aplomb. With SLG entering its twentieth year of publishing in 2006, some might say it's well-deserved.





DARTH SCANNER
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